



" Prompt to improve and to invite.  
 " We blend instruction with delight."

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## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

### The Election.

A TALE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

A few years back, a gentleman of the name of Danby came to reside in a small borough town—whether in Wiltshire or Cornwall matters not to our story, although in one of those counties the aforesaid town was probably situate, being what is called a close borough, the joint property of two noble families. Mr. Danby was evidently a man of large fortune, and that fortune as evidently acquired in trade—indeed he made no more secret of the latter circumstance than the former. He built himself a large, square, red house, equally ugly and commodious, just without the town; walled in a couple of acres of ground for a kitchen garden; kept a heavy one-horse chaise, a stout pony, and a brace of greyhounds; and having furnished his house solidly and handsomely and arranged his domestic affairs to his heart's content, began to look about among his neighbors; scraped acquaintance with the lawyer, the apothecary, and the principal tradesmen; subscribed to the reading room and the billiard room; became a member of the bowling green and the cricket club, and took as lively an interest in the affairs of his new residence, as if he had been born and bred in the borough.

Now this interest, however agreeable to himself, was by no means equally conducive to the quiet and comfort of the place. Mr. Danby was a little, square, dark man, with a cocked up nose, a good humored, but very knowing smile, a pair of keen black eyes, a loud voluble speech, and a prodigious activity both of mind and body. His very look betokened his character, and that character was one not uncommon among the middle ranks of Englishmen. In short besides being, as he often boasted, a downright John Bull, the gentleman

was a reformer, zealous and uncompromising as ever attended a dinner, at the Crown and Anchor, or made a harangue in Palace-yard. He read Cobbet; had his own scheme for the redemption of tithes; and a plan, which not understanding, I am sorry I cannot undertake to explain, for clearing off the national debt without loss or injury to any body.

Besides these great matters, which may rather be termed the theoretic than the practice of reform, and which are at least perfectly inoffensive, Mr. Danby condescended to smaller and more worrying observances; and was, indeed so strict and jealous a guardian of the purity of the corporation, and the incorruptibility of the vestry, that an alderman could not wag a finger, or a churchwarden stir a foot without being called to account by this vigilant defender of the rights, liberties, and purses of the people. He was, beyond a doubt, the most troublesome man in the parish—and that is a wide word. In the matter of reports and inquiries Mr. Hume was but a type of him. He would mingle economy with a parish dinner, and talk of retrenchment at the mayor's feast; brought an action, under the turnpike act, against the clerk and treasurer of the commissioners of the road; commenced a suit in chancery with the trustees of the charity school; and finally threatened to open the borough—that is to say, to support any candidate who should offer to oppose the nominees of the two great families, the one whig and the other tory, who now possess the two seats in parliament as quietly as their own hereditary estates; an experiment which recent instances of successful opposition in other places rendered not a little formidable to the noble owners.

What added considerably to the troublesome nature of Mr. Danby's inquisitions was the general cleverness, ability and information of the individual. He was not a man of classical education, and knew little of books; but with *things* he was especially conversant. Although very certain that Mr. Danby had been in busi-

ness, nobody could guess what that business had been. None came amiss to him. He handled the rule and the yard with equal dexterity; astonished the butcher by his insight into the mysteries of fattening and dealing; and the grocer by his familiarity with the sugar and coffee markets; disentangled the perplexities of the confused mass of figures in the parish books with the dexterity of a sworn accountant; and was so great upon points of law, so ready and accurate in quoting reports, cases and precedents, that he would certainly have passed for a retired attorney, but for the zeal and alertness with which, at his own expense, he was apt to rush into lawsuits.

With so remarkable a genius for turmoil, it is not to be doubted that Mr. Danby, in spite of many excellent and sterling qualities, succeeded in drawing upon himself no small degree of odium. The whole corporation were officially his enemies; but his principal opponent, or rather the person whom he considered as his principal opponent, was Mr. Cardonnel, the rector of the parish, who, besides several disputes pending between them (one especially respecting the proper situation of the church organ, the placing of which harmonious instrument kept the whole town in discord for a twelve month) was married to the Lady Elizabeth, sister of the Earl of B. one of the patrons of the borough; and being, as well as his wife, a very popular and amiable character, was justly regarded by Mr. Danby as one of the chief obstacles to his projected reform.

Whilst, however, our reformer was, from the most patriotic motives, doing his best or his worst to dislike Mr. Cardonnel, events of a very different nature were gradually operating to bring them together.

Mr. Danby's family consisted of a wife—a quiet, lady-like woman, with very ill-health, who did little else than walk from her bed to her sofa, eat water gruel and drink soda-water,—and of an only daughter who was in a word, the very apple of her father's eye.

Rose Danby was indeed a daughter of whom any father might have been proud. Of middle height and exquisite symmetry, with a rich, dark glowing complexion, a profusion of glossy, curling, raven hair, large affectionate black eyes, and a countenance at once so sweet and so spirited, that its constant expression was like that which a smile gives to other faces. Her temper and understanding were in exact keeping with such a countenance—playful, gentle, clever and kind; and her acquirements of the very highest order.—When her father entered on his new residence she had just completed her fifteenth year; and he unable longer to dispense with the pleasure of her society, took her from the excellent school near London, at which she had hitherto been placed and determined that her education should be finished by masters at home.

It so happened, that this little town contain-

ed one celebrated artist, a professor of dancing who kept a weekly academy for young ladies, which was attended by half the families of gentility in the county. M. Le Grand (for the dancing master was a little lively Frenchman) was delighted with Rose. He declared that she was his best pupil, his very best, the best that ever he had in his life—"Mais voyez, donc Monsieur?" said he one day to her father, who would have scorned to know the French for "How d'ye do?"—"Voyez, comme elle met de l'aplomb, de la forces de la netlote, dans ses entrenchants! Qu'elle est leste, et legere, et petrie de graces la petite!" And Mr. Danby comprehending only that the artist was praising his darling, swore that Monsieur was a good fellow, and returned the compliment, after the English fashion, by sending him a haunch of venison the next day.

But M. Le Grand was not the only admirer whom Rose met with at the dancing school.

It chanced that Mr. Cardonnel also had an only daughter, a young person, about the same age, bringing up under the eye of her mother, and a constant attendant at the professor's academy. The two girls, nearly of a height, and both good dancers, were placed together as partners; and being almost equally prepossessing in person and manner, (for Mary Cardonnel was a sweet, delicate, fair creature, whose mild blue eyes seemed appealing to the kindness of every one they looked upon,) took an immediate and lasting fancy to each other; shook hands at meeting and parting, smiled whenever their glances chanced to encounter; and soon began to exchange a few kind and hurried words in the pauses of the dance, and to hold more continuous chat at the conclusion. And Lady Elizabeth, almost as much charmed with Rose as her daughter, seeing in the lovely little girl every thing to like and nothing to disapprove, encouraged and joined in the acquaintance; attended with a motherly care to her cloaking and shawling: took her home in her own carriage when it rained; and finally waylaid Mr. Danby, who always came himself to fetch his darling, and with her bland and gracious smile requested the pleasure of Miss Danby's company to a party of young people, which she was about to give on the occasion of her daughter's birth day. I am afraid that our sturdy reformer was going to say, No!—But Rose's "Oh Papa!" was irresistible; and to the party she went.

After this, the young people became every day more intimate. Lady Elizabeth waited on Mrs. Danby, and Mrs. Danby returned the call, but her state of health precluded visiting, and her husband who piqued himself on firmness and consistency, contrived, though with some violence to his natural kindness of temper to evade the friendly advances and invitations of the rector.

The two girls, however, saw one another almost every day. It was a friendship like that of Rosalind and Celia, whom, by the way, they



severally resembled in temper, and character—Rose having much of the brilliant gaiety of the one fair cousin, and Mary the softer and gentler charm of the other. They rode, walked and sung together; were never happy asunder; played the same music; read the same books; dressed alike, worked for each other and interchanged their little property of trinkets and flowers, with a generosity that seemed only emulous which should give most.

At first Mr. Danby was a little jealous of Rose's partiality to the rectory; but she was so fond of him, so attentive to his pleasures, that he could not find in his heart to check hers; and when, after a long and dangerous illness with which the always delicate Mary was affected, Mr. Cardonnel went to him and with tears streaming down his cheeks, told him he believed that under Providence, he owed his daughter's life to Rose's unwearied care, the father's heart was fairly vanquished, he wrung the good rector's hand, and never grumbled at her long visits again. Lady Elizabeth, also, had her share in producing this change of feeling; by presenting him, in return for innumerable baskets of peaches and melons and hot-house grapes (in the culture of which he was curious,) with a portrait of Rose, drawn by herself—a strong and beautiful likeness, with his own favourite greyhound at her feet; a picture which he would not have exchanged for "The Transfiguration."

Perhaps too, consistent as he thought himself, he was not without an unconscious respect for the birth and station which he affected to despise; and was at least as proud of the admiration which his daughter excited in those privileged circles, as of the sturdy independence which he exhibited by keeping aloof from them in his own person. Certain it is, that his spirit of reformation insensibly relaxed particularly towards the rector; and that he not only ceded the contested point of the organ but presented a splendid set of pulpit hangings to the church itself.

Time wore on; Rose had refused half the offers of gentility in the town and neighbourhood; her heart appeared to be invulnerable. Her less affluent and less brilliant friend was generally understood (and as Rose, on hearing the report, did not contradict it the rumor passed for certainty) to be engaged to a nephew of her mother's, Sir William Frampton, a young gentleman of splendid fortune, who had lately passed much time at his fine place in the neighbourhood.

Time wore on; and Rose was now nineteen when an event occurred, which threatened a grievous interruption to her happiness. The Earl of B's member died; his nephew, Sir William Frampton, supported by his uncle's powerful interest, offered himself for the borough; an independent candidate started at the same time; and Mr Danby found himself compelled by his vaunted consistency, to insist

upon his daughter's renouncing her visits to the rectory, at least until after the termination of the election. Rose wept and pleaded, pleaded and wept in vain. Her father was obdurate; and she, after writing a most affectionate note to Mary Cardonnel, retired to her own room in very bad spirits, and perhaps, for the first time in her life, in very bad humour.

About half an hour afterwards, Sir W. Frampton and Mr. Cardonnel called at the red house.

"We are come Mr Danby," said the rector, "to solicit your interest——"

"Nay, nay, my good friend," returned the reformer—"you know that my interest is promised, and that I cannot with any consistency——"

"To solicit your interest with Rose," resumed his reverence.

"With Rose!" interrupted Mr. Danby.

"Ay, for the gift of her heart and hand,—that being, I believe, the suffrage which my good nephew here is most anxious to secure," rejoined Mr. Cardonnel.

"With Rose!" again ejaculated Mr. Danby; "Why I thought that your daughter——"

"The gipsy has not told you then!" replied the rector. "Why, William and she have been playing the parts of Romeo and Juliet for these six months past."

"My Rose!" again exclaimed Mr. Danby, "Why Rose! Rose! I say!" and the astonished father rushed out of the room, and returned the next minute, holding the blushing girl by the arm.

"Rose do you love this young man?"

"Oh Papa!" said Rose.

"Will you marry him?"

"Oh Papa!"

"Do you wish me to tell him you will not marry him?"

To this question Rose returned no answer; she only blushed the deeper, and looked down with a half smile.

"Take her then," resumed Mr. Danby; "I see the girl loves you. I can't vote for you, though, for I've promised, and you know my good Sir, that an honest man's word——"

"I don't want your vote, my dear Sir," interrupted Sir William Frampton; "I don't ask for your vote, although the loss of it may cost me my seat, and my uncle his borough. This is the election that I care about; the only election worth caring about.—Is it not my own sweet Rose?—the election of which the object lasts for life, and the result is happiness. That's the election worth caring about.—Is it not my own Rose?"

And Rose blushed an affirmative, and Mr. Danby shook his intended son-in-law's hand, until he almost wrung it off, repeating at every moment—"I can't vote for you, for a man must be consistent;—but you're the best fellow in the world, and you shall have my Rose. And Rose will be a great lady," continued the delighted father; "my little Rose will be a great lady after all!"

FROM ACKERMAN'S FORGET-ME-NOT.

**The Goldsmith of Westcheap.**

At the close of the fourteenth century, old London presented a noble and picturesque appearance. The eye was not then wearied with unbroken lines of brickwork, pierced full of squares for windows; but the streets displayed rows of lofty houses, lifting their sharp pointed gables, adorned with many a fanciful and grotesque device; and the massive stone mansions of the superior class of citizens emulated the castellated dwellings of the nobles of the land. And then, enriched with all the decorations of Gothic architecture, arose the various religious establishments, each with its fair chapel and spacious refectory, surrounded by its wide and well cultivated garden, and overshadowed by century aged trees; while on every side, the stately churches, with their pinnacled towers or tall airy spires, stood proud trophies of an era most unjustly termed barbarous. One of the handsomest and most frequented of the streets, at the period when the following tale commences (although its Goldsmith's row, subsequently the boast of the old city, was not yet built,) was Westcheap, the Cheapside of modern times. As the inhabitants were mostly dealers in delicate and costly commodities, being mercers, embroiderers and goldsmiths, and at this period too (1399) according to the united testimony of all contemporary historians, luxury had attained a greater height than had ever been anticipated, "alle exceedinge in gorgeous and costly apparel, farre above theyr degre; yeomen and grooms clothed in silke, saten and damaske, bothe doublets and gownes—and hadde theyr garments cutte farre otherwise thanne it hadde beene before, with broidered worke, ryche furies, and goldsmythes worke," as Master Robert Fabian sets forth; it is easy to imagine the splendid appearance of the different shops. Here, a mercer displayed to view damasks, satins, and velvets—even that costly fabric, forbidden to all but the highest order of nobility, "cloth of gold;" and beside him the broiderer exhibited his hoods, girdles, purses, and ecclesiastical vestments embellished with the most delicate needle work; while the precious stores of the goldsmith, from the jewelled buckle for the head, to the silver chain that fastened the long peaked shoe to the knee; from the postal spoon given by the godmother to the infant, to the large silver dish, or enamelled chalice, given by the noble to the "holy church,"—all courted the admiring gaze of the passenger, from beneath the overhanging penthouse of the low unglazed window. It was a stirring and a lively scene that this street presented one autumn evening, between vespers and complin; for there walked the city dame in bright colored sweeping mantle, her gold huffed knife and tasselled purse hanging from her broad girdle; and the city damsel with silken kirtle and laced bodice;

and the sober citizen, warden perchance of his company, or common councilman of his ward (proud offices in those early days,) wrapt in his sad coloured long gown, and fingering with a kind of quiet ostentation the well filled velvet purse, or adjusting the rich enamelled brooch that fastened his hood; while in that strangely grotesque dress, the silken long coat with hanging sleeves that swept the pavement, the tight party coloured hose, and shoes which turned up six inches in the end, and his hood worked with poppinjays, appeared the exquisite of the fourteenth century. Nor were the common people wanting. There, close beside the conduit, was a crowd of apprentices vociferously joining chorus to a ballad sung by a green coated minstrel, who asserted with laudable patriotism that undoubted fact, in their estimation, that London was the first of cities, and her citizens the first of men. A little farther on, a more quiet and elderly group surrounded another minstrel (or rather *disour*) who stood detailing in a kind of monotonous recitative the prowess of King Brut and his very apocryphal descendants, from that ancient compendium of metrical history, "The Chronikyl of Englande." Still farther on, mounted on the shopboard of one of his zealous disciples, a portly gray friar, with stentorian voice, and vehement action, recounted to a large and greatly edified auditory some outrageous miracles from the life of his founder, St. Francis of Assisi, not forgetting, in the pauses of his long narration, to send round the bag for the contributions of the faithful. In the midst of this lively scene, two men closely wrapt in those large coarse cloaks which formed the common travelling dress of the period, and were often used for purposes of concealment, appeared near the conduit, apparently engaged in deep conversation, and making their way through the crowd in a manner that betokened either a haste which admitted no delay, or a pride which brooked no opposition. Whatever were the cause, it was not without many an angry look and angry word that the multitude gave way; and the strangers, on their arrival opposite to the conduit, inquired of some of the apprentices, in a tone of command, where Arnold de Rothing resided. "Two worthy personages to ask after goldsmiths!" answered one of the 'prentices, irritated at the haughty manner of the inquirer: "and what do ye lack?—an enamelled brooch, a jewelled thumb ring, a forty mark girdle to match your goodly mantles—eh, lordlings?" And a loud laugh burst from his well pleased companions.

"Nothing but a plain answer to my question," retorted the stranger peremptorily.

"Well, then, master questioner," sullenly replied the 'prentice, "as Master de Rothing is not looked upon by his fraternity, I should like to treat him to two such goodly customers as ye. Yonder's his house, next to old Fos-



ter's, the mercer, who hath turned the white hart of King Richard into that spotted antelope in honor of our good King Henry, by cutting off his horns and collar and spotting him all over." "Alas, the goodly white hart!" said the other stranger, in a suppressed tone: but low as was the ejaculation it did not escape the quick ears of the 'prentices.

"Ay, my good master, no wonder ye lament for the white hart," cried one; "ye ruffled in silks and damasks then, perchance, instead of your goodly mantle, but these days are gone, I trow." "Come on!" whispered the other stranger. "Ay, on with ye!" cried the first 'prentice, "with the malison of all true English hearts on ye and the white hart too! Up with your caps, boys, for King Henry of Lancaster, the friend of the commons, who hath driven pilling and polling clean out of the land! Saint Mary, though, I should like to know what you two scatterlings can want with de Rothing. An I had thought their pouches had been lined with rose nobles, I had sent them to the Silver Unicorn."

"Trust not to outside, Symond," replied his companion; "ye may have lost your master two good customers—see, there they go!"

"Ay, there they go!" responded a stern voice, "but the cunning shall be taken in his own craftiness."

As this was said in Latin, and as the valiant 'prentices were no "Latiners," the solemn denunciation excited not the surprise which was caused by the sudden appearance of the speaker, who was instantly addressed with every mark of the profoundest respect. He seemed to be a very old man, yet it was not his white locks or flowing beard that excited their spontaneous homage; but his shaggy long coat, iron shod staff, the large wallet, and high crowned broad hat, bearing the escallop shell—each part of the appropriate garb of pilgrimage—that caused the 'prentices to gather round and pray a blessing from the holy man, whose weary feet had traversed many a far distant land, and who had, perchance, even beheld the deep blue skies, and breathed the spicy airs, of heaven favoured Palestine. The pilgrim hastily pronounced a blessing, and proceeded onward, keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed on the two men, who now entered a shop, where the meagre show of "vessayle of gold and sylvere," contrasted most disadvantageously with the splendid appearance of its neighbors; and, taking his stand opposite, he seemed as though he intended to keep watch until they should come out again: but it was in vain. The news that a pilgrim so venerable in appearance was to be seen, spread rapidly among the crowd. The minstrel was left to finish his song alone; the reciter of "Chronikyl of Englande," was deserted by his auditors, in the midst of his description of King Bladud's marvellous works at Bath; and the portly gray ffigar found himself superseded in his vocation

—the fickle congregation at the first intelligence having scampered off, nothing doubting that they should feast their eyes on some veritable relic, a tooth, or thumb nail at least, of some wonder working saint. Nothing of this kind did the pilgrim produce—no marvels or miracles had he to detail; but apparently vexed at being made the object of unwished for attention, pronouncing a few words of counsel to the assembled throng, he disappeared from view so suddenly and so completely, that the populace, ever fond of wonders, were almost inclined to affirm that he had vanished away.

The great attraction removed, the throng, warned by the darkening twilight, and the ringing of the complin bells, quietly took their way to their respective homes; and the heretofore crowded street was deserted save by two or three 'prentices, who lingered near Arnold de Rothing's door, anxious again to see the two strangers, but in vain; so marvelling what their errand might be, and determining not to rest until they knew somewhat about it, they reluctantly returned to their habitations.

The following morning an unwonted smoke was seen issuing from the workshop of the unfortunate goldsmith, his only assistant seemed bustling about with looks of importance, and the care worn features of de Rothing himself seemed to have assumed a more satisfied expression.

"I should wonderfully like to know the meaning of all this," said the goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn to his 'prentice, "for, an I find those two strangers ye told me of have given de Rothing a good order, I'll swinge ye soundly for your rudeness to them. Had ye been more mannerly, and told them the best of work could be done at the Silver Unicorn, perchance they might have come to me."

"St. Mary! a likely story, for such beggars to give an order," replied the 'prentice;—"two scatterlings, forsooth, who were most likely some of the disbanded Cheshiremen, and who, having mayhap but one groat between them, wanted it changed into rose nobles by the craft of multiplication, and so went to de Rothing"—for this unlucky goldsmith, in addition to his other troubles, had the misfortune to be addicted to the "beggarly pursuit of alchemy."

"Ay, boy," returned the master, "see what comes of book learning and being wiser than our neighbours; had Master de Rothing never read Latin, he had never been seeking after new things, he must needs go abroad, and there must find out, forsooth, that the Lombard goldsmith understand polishing and enamelling better than we—a thing not to be thought of—and then must he seek to bring a Lombard among us, even to our very hall. I knew it would be his ruin, and so it was."

"Ay, truly," said the 'prentice, "for none of the guild will even speak to him, and our Lady

knows had I thought these men had brought an order, they should never have carried it to him. No, no, if Master de Rothing be so fond of outlandish men, let them help him."

"They have helped him but scantily, it seems," returned the master, "for, methinks, he must soon take up his lodgings in Ludgate. Soothly though, I'm sorry for Sybilla; she was brought up to different expectations, and a fairer or better nurtured damsel ye may not meet in a long summer's day. Well, boy, mind this one thing whatever else ye forget, never seek after book learning, and never consort with foreigners."

"That will I," returned the 'prentice. "Saints know I had liefer hammer by the day than spell the Chriscross-row for an hour, and far liefer welcome an outlandish man with my club than with my hand."

"'Tis a good lad, after all," said the master, as he went out, "ay, 'tis a good lad, for he speaks like a worthy citizen."

But a few days passed away, and a new marvel was prepared for the wondering inhabitants of Westcheap. On de Rothing's shop board, lately so bare, were placed six gold chains and two enamelled brooches, of such delicate workmanship that a reluctant tribute of admiration was extorted even from the lips of the goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn. "'Tis an excellent workman," said he, addressing the alderman of the ward, who stood admiring these beautiful specimens of "ye arte of ye goldsmythe;" but I marvel who gave him the order."

"So do I," returned the alderman, "for de Rothing says they are quite unknown to him, but they will bring the money and take them away to-night."

The goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn went his way, determined to give his 'prentice a pleasant taste of his cudgel, for his rudeness to men who seemed likely to prove such good customers, and the alderman entered de Rothing's shop, to order a gold chain of a similar pattern, and a parcel of gilt silver. The poor goldsmith overjoyed at this second piece of good fortune, now began really to believe that prosperity was about to revisit his long deserted dwelling, and with grateful heart returned thanks to heaven.

(To be Continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

### Henry Laurens.

President of congress, and a distinguished patriot, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1724. The superintendence of his education was first given to Mr. Howe, and afterwards to Mr. Corbette; but of the nature of his studies, or the extent of his acquirements, we are not told. He was regularly bred to the mercantile pursuits, and was remarkable

through life for his peculiar observance of business. In whatever he was engaged, he was distinguished for his extraordinary punctuality. He rose early, and devoting the morning to the counting-house, he not unfrequently finished his concerns before others had left their beds. Industrious almost to an extreme himself, he demanded a corresponding attention and labour on the part of those in his employ.

In the year 1771, on the death of his amiable wife, he relinquished business, and visited Europe, principally for the purpose of superintending the education of his sons.

He took an early part in opposing the arbitrary claims of Great Britain, and was one of the thirty-nine native Americans, who endeavoured by their petition to prevent the British parliament from passing the Boston port bill.

Every exertion on the part of the colonies proving fruitless, he hastened home, with a determination to take part with his countrymen against Great Britain. The circumstance of his leaving England at this important crisis, expressly to defend the cause of independence, served to confirm in the highest degree that unbounded confidence in his fidelity and patriotism, for which his friends, through the whole course of his career, had such an ample cause to entertain.

On his arrival in this country, no attentions were withheld which it was possible to bestow.

When the provincial congress of Carolina met in June, 1775, he was appointed its president, in which capacity, he drew up a form of association, to be signed by all the friends of liberty, which indicated a most determined spirit.

On the establishment of a regular constitution in South Carolina, in 1776, he was elected a member of congress. On the resignation of president Hancock, he was appointed the president of that august body.

In 1780 he was appointed a minister plenipotentiary to Holland to solicit a loan, and to negotiate a treaty. On his passage to that country, he was captured by a British vessel and sent to England. He was there imprisoned in the tower of London, on the 6th October, as a state prisoner, upon a charge of high treason. He was confined more than a year, and treated with great severity; being denied for the most part all intercourse with his friends, and forbidden the use of pen and ink.

Towards the close of the year 1781, his sufferings, which had by that time become well known, excited the utmost sympathy for himself, but kindled the utmost indignation against the authors of his cruel confinement. Every exertion to draw concessions from this inflexible patriot having proved more than useless, the ministry resolved upon his releasement. As soon as his discharge was known, he received from congress a commission, appointing him one of their ministers for negotiating a peace with Great Britain.



In conjunction with Dr. Franklin, John Jay, and John Adams, he signed the preliminaries of peace on the 30th November, 1782, and a short time after he returned to South Carolina. Although he could have commanded any office in the gift of his state, he declined every honour which was urged upon him by his countrymen, preferring to spend the remainder of his days in rural retirement and domestic enjoyment.

He expired on the 8th December 1792. He directed his son to burn his body on the third day, as the sole condition of inheriting an estate of £60 000 sterling.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

### Peter Francisco.

This man, who has lately applied to Congress for a pension for Revolutionary services, was supposed to be in his prime, the strongest man in the United States. The Georgia Courier relates an anecdote of a man, who had travelled all the way from Kentucky to Virginia, burning with desire for an encounter with Francisco. Our traveller was a half-horse-and-half-alligator man, and boasted that he could thrash his weight in wild cats, and "he'd no notion of having it said that Francisco was the strongest man in the United States; he'd no notion on it." He arrived in the neighborhood of his antagonist, one pleasant morning in Spring; and inquiring of a man whom he met in a narrow lane, where Peter Francisco lived, was answered by the man, that he himself was Peter. The traveller mentioned his business, which after some remonstrance on the part of Peter, was finally consented to; and Peter dismounted from his horse, for battle. They met—Francisco seized his antagonist, as if he had been a puff-ball, and threw him over the fence. "*I'd thank you to toss that're hoss over here, for I should like to be travelling!*" said the discomfited man of the mountains, as he recovered. They parted on good terms, laughing at the oddity of the encounter.

### The Mirror for Vanity.

Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis de Villa de Mediana, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging, at the same time, to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier? "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion, but your majesty's will is a law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your majesty's acceptance of her portrait. He sent her a *looking-glass*."

*Right views of things.*—The witty and convivial Kelly being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example of a gentleman whose con-

stant food was herbs and his drink water. "What, madam," said he, "would you have me imitate a man who *eats like a beast and drinks like a fish*."

*Anecdote*—An old man having arrived at his eighty-sixth birth day, was asked whether, at his advanced age, he did not think that this birth day might be the last. He replied that he did not; that he now felt very sure of arriving at eighty-seven, for he had found, by experience of a long life, that when he reached one birthday *he always saw the next*.

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1829.

*Tales of Woman.*—From the title of this work we had been led to expect a literary treat—to find recorded, by the pen of genius, accompanied by all the embellishments of fancy, the heroic acts that have been performed by woman—instances of her constancy and devotedness—a transcript of high and holy thoughts—of all that is wont to spring from that fount of pure and undying affection, virtuous woman's heart. But it would seem from the following brief criticism, for which we are indebted to the New-York Critic, the candour and discrimination of whose editor are generally acknowledged, that our anticipations of pleasure from its perusal are not to be realized:—

"The object of this volume, the illustration of the character and influence of woman in the various important relations which she is called upon to occupy in society, is one which, had it been undertaken by an able pen, might have been rendered widely and deservedly popular. It embraces a range of subjects of inexhaustible variety, and of a kind so intimately connected with the happiness and prosperity of the human family, and which come home so directly to the business and bosoms of all, that even an ordinary share of taste in the selection of incidents, and skill in combining them, would have produced a work interesting to every reader. But the task has fallen into incompetent hands; and has been so clumsily executed, that not only the character of woman has not been displayed in its proper light; but both man and woman, as delineated on the pages of this book, are neither likenesses of any thing in the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor the waters under the earth."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have on hand several communications, which we have not had time to examine, but shall endeavour to attend to them soon.

### MARRIED,

In Claverack, on the 29th ult. by John Poucher, Esq. Mr. William Dubois to Miss Ann Maria Vanderburgh.

At Stuyvesant, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. Abraham Van Hoesen to Miss Maria G. Bur-gart, all of the above place.

In Philadelphia, on the 18th inst. William H. Wilson, Esq. of Clermont, to Miss Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Holmes, Esq. of that city.

### DIED,

In this city, on the 6th inst. Mrs. Sarah Jordan, wife of Mr. Samuel Jordan, in the 47th year of her age.

At Jericho, L.I. on the 17th ult. Jemima, consort of Elias Hicks, in the 79th year of her age.

At Cairo, Greene Co. Mr. David Weeks, aged 59.

At Ogdensburgh, St. Lawrence Co. the Hon. Nathan Ford, in the 66th year of his age.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.  
**THE ALPINE HORN.**

"When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of the mountains, takes his horn, and cries with a loud voice, 'Praised be the Lord,' as soon as the neighbouring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and then retire to rest."—*Athenium for January 1st, 1829.*

Now sinks the glorious sun to rest,  
'Tis eve within the shadowy glade;  
E'en those bright tints along the west,  
That gild the Alps, begin to fade.

The weary labourer's toil is o'er,  
All nature now seems hushed to peace;  
The shepherd's pipe is heard no more,  
His fleecy charge their gambols cease.

On Alpine heights, each voice is still,  
All wait the customary sound to hear;—  
Hark, hark! it comes, so sweet and shrill,  
To glad the hardy mountaineer.

"Praised be the Lord!"—the *Alpine Horn*  
Sends forth from loftiest crag the cry;  
The gladsome strain afar is borne,  
Rocks, hills and vales at once reply.

Loud, loud, through heaven's vast concave rings,  
"Praised be the Lord, praised be the Lord!"  
Earth with her thousand echoings,  
Repeats the soul-exciting word.

"Praised be the Lord!"—the echo flies—  
They issue forth from each rude cot,  
The household bands, and pæans rise  
From every lip—by none forgot.

The matron and the maiden fair,  
Attune their voices, Lord, to thee,  
Gay youth and him of hoary hair,  
Childhood and lisping infancy.

Oh there! at dewy eve is seen,  
Full many a peaceful, happy throng,  
Each kneeling on its own bright green,  
Those far, free hills and cliffs among.

May no mad sceptic, clothed in power,  
E'er seek to change their simple ways;  
For sweet to them's the hallowed hour,  
Devoted all to prayer and praise.

And sweet is too, the calm repose,  
That follows that blest hour of prayer;  
No care the shepherd's bosom knows—  
He feels that God, *his God is there!* OTHO.

### THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,  
When calms had stilled the tide;  
A few bright days of summer glee  
There found them side by side.  
And voices of the fair and brave  
Rose mingling there in mirth;  
And sweetly floated o'er the wave  
The melodies of earth.  
Moonlight on that lone Indian maid  
Cloudless and lovely slept;

While dancing step and festive strain  
Each deck in triumph swept.  
And hands were linked, and answering eyes  
With kindly meaning shone;  
—Oh! brief and passing sympathies,  
Like leaves together blown!  
A little while such joy was cast  
Over the deep's repose,  
Till the loud singing winds at last  
Like trumpet music rose.  
And proudly, freely, on their way  
The parting vessels bore;  
—In calm or storm, by rock or bay,  
To meet—oh! never more!  
Never to blend in victory's cheer,  
To aid in hours of wo;—  
And thus bright spirits mingle here!  
Such ties are formed below!

### SIGHS AND TEARS.

'Mid the silence of that hour  
He hath made too dear to me—  
With the breeze that seeks his bower,  
Sigh of love, I mingle thee.  
Should thy fluttering betray thee—  
Should he ask thee what thou art—  
Say, a sigh! but ah, I pray thee,  
Tell him not from whose poor heart!  
O'er the silver brooklet bending,  
Which I saw him first beside,  
With its stream my tears are blending,  
By his feet perchance to glide.  
Gentle water! should he stay thee,  
And demand what swells thee so;  
Tell him, tears; but ah! I pray thee,  
Say not from whose eyes they flow.

### ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Hope

PUZZLE II.—Philanthropy.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is a place of resort for the great,  
My last on the waters is found;  
My whole is a term on which lovers agree  
Before Hymen their wishes hath crowned.

II.

What ladies oft use to embellish the face  
Transposed shews a title malignant and base.

### WANTED,

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business. One that can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement by inquiring at this office.

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